

1495-2
2
POEMS.

A Description of a Shepherd;

His going to Sea and through various Scenes of
Distress; being taken Prisoner and obliged to
ransom his Vessel to save the Lives of his Crew.

WITH

OBSERVATIONS ON THE
TOWN OF LIVERPOOL,

Coming in from Sea.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS REMARKABLE

ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK

IN THE OCTOBER GALE, 1789,

When One Hundred Sail of Shipping were cast away near
Yarmouth Roads, and more than One Thousand
Men were drowned.

By EDWARD ANDERSON, ⁴many Years Master of
the *Jemima*, in the Lisbon Trade.

Printed for the Author,

BY W. BORROWDALE,
Market Place, Workington.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

POEMS

A Description of a Shipwreck

THE SHIP WAS SEEN BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE
GALATHEA, AND WAS FOUND TO BE A
BRITISH VESSEL, WHICH HAD BEEN
SUNK BY A FRENCH PRIVATEER.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE

TOWN OF LIVERPOOL

A DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN

DESCRIBED FROM SHIPWRECK

IN THE OCEAN

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GALATHEA, AND WAS FOUND TO BE A
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Description of a Shepherd, &c.

YE muses smile upon a British tar,
Plain truth his only plea, his leading star:
His motive is both to instruct and please
The hardy tars who plough the raging seas.
His verse is low, but simple, without art,
He offers a rough hand with all his heart.
Since love is often slighted, tho' sincere,
He is well paid if you but drop a tear.
Tho' I but little education had,
The muses often charm'd me when a lad.
Brought up a shepherd, tho' a farmer's son,
My cloathing then it mostly was home spun;
My stockings did my mother's taste display,
Black and white wool she mix'd to make them grey;
My shirt of hemp so coarse, now, I am clear,
Many, tho' poor, would be ashamed to wear:
But then the richest woman in the town,
Would go to church in linsley wolsey gown;
They did not bear the rustic name in vain,
Unpolish'd nature had her ample reign;
But hardy, healthy, and clean, neat, and spruce,
Content to live upon their home produce.
In the Dale towns men mostly barley eat,
For then they grew but very little wheat.
We liv'd on barley bread and barley pies,
And oats and pease the want of wheat supplies.

Bred on coarse fare; this has done me no harm;
 My cloaths were good enough to keep me warm.
 I thought it hard when forc'd to go away,
 And leave the hills where I oft us'd to play.
 Drove out from thence, my father's farm was sold,
 We Lutton left when I was nine years old;
 This seem'd a cross, not rightly understood,
 But afterwards we saw it work for good.
 Tho' it was but eight miles we then remov'd,
 To Kilham, a far better place it prov'd;
 There all inclosed, the difference shew'd as plain,
 As from the wilderness into Canaan;
 There I got fine cloaths and better meat,
 We eat no barley there, but liv'd on wheat.
 I little thought that I should plow the deep,
 When in Broachdale I kept my father's sheep;
 There I a shepherd's hut and garden had,
 There my ambition centr'd when a lad:
 With dog and bag, my bottle by my side,
 A shepherd's frock was then my utmost pride;
 I knew no care but for my father's flock,
 Oft watchful ey'd my shadow for a clock;
 As round my sheep did feed and lambs did play,
 With pleasure then I spent the summer day:
 This my diversion sitting on the ground,
 Viewing the different insects creeping round;
 The grasshopper and butterfly to see,
 The busy ant and the industrious bee;
 Observ'd the spider busy catching flies,
 And listen'd when I saw the sky-lark rise,
 Her note's still more congenial to my heart,
 Than all the music that's perform'd by art;
 There fields of corn a pleasing prospect shew,
 And blooming trees in large plantations grow;

The swarth with daisies, whins with blossoms brown'd,
 Just like a flow'r'y carpet spread around :
 All answering God's designs in various ways,
 The birds conspire to sing their maker's praise.
 Cold is that heart, unconscious of the power
 Of nature's charms, or friendship's happy hour.
 Unenvied be that calm unfeeling breast,
 That cannot drop a tear for the distress'd.
 How often have I tried my heart to steel,
 But I am happy yet that I can feel ;
 This was the source of all my bliss and woe,
 It found me poor, again it made me so,
 And poverty is still my greatest crime,
 Content in low degree to spend my time,
 Let labour have its due then peace is mine,
 And never, never shall my heart repine ;
 This lesson I have learn'd through grace of late,
 To be content whatever be my state,
 My chiefest business is my soul to save,
 Content with talents God and nature gave,
 Gave to improve, not indolently hide,
 And still my own though riches be denied ;
 Some men are bless'd with a capacious mind,
 With wit, good sense and knowledge all combin'd ;
 Yet all their talents are of little worth,
 Till seeking others good they bring them forth.
 While I delightful country scenes admire,
 They tune my numbers and my muse inspire,
 And lead my soul to thankfulness and praise
 For all the mercies of my lengthen'd days.
 Oft basking in the sun I took a nod,
 The ground my bed, my head upon a sod ;

My faith'ul dog he d d not go to sleep,
 But kept a watch both over me and sheep;
 Then no ambitious views my mind did fill,
 Those times I think upon with pleasure still.
 One awful scene, which I remember well,
 John Milner's servant jumping in the well,
 'That sight kept me awake for several nights,
 O! may you never see such shocking sights;
 Being with child unto the servant man,
 He seem'd to slight her, then her grief began;
 She saw her folly when it was too late,
 She durst not now go home in such a state;
 The man who caused all her grief and fears,
 He held a platter to preserve her tears;
 By him insulted full of guilt and shame,
 This hardened brute deserves no better name;
 Tho' he had promis'd to make her his wife,
 Now he refuses, she destroys her life.
 Why should the philosophic mind disdain
 To think on things which gave pleasure or pain?
 I feel superior to the critic's spear,
 And while I speak the truth I never fear;
 Still let the proud dissemble all they can,
 These little things are great to little man.
 What pity fill'd my heart, overflowed my eye,
 My father doom'd my favourite lamb to die,
 Commanded me to lift the fatal knife,
 But I refus'd, I could not take its life:
 When young a pet, I fed it on my knee,
 And when grown up it often followed me,
 When I came home oft met me at the stile,
 And as I pass'd play'd round me all the while,
 So fond it lay all night at the back gate,
 Ready to welcome me early and late;

But I could not prevent the cruel deed;
 I wept to see this harmless creature bleed;
 My father'd smil'd and said forshame to cry;
 At harvest home the fattest lamb must die;
 I thought this hard, but this was not the worst,
 For soon my pleasing prospects all were cross'd
 When fourteen sheep all died in one week,
 My hopes were blasted, I'd a trade to seek;
 My parents said I should tend sheep no more,
 They never so unlucky were before;
 Then I was forc'd to follow husbandry,
 Although a shepherd still I wished to be.
 My father said now why should you despair;
 I'll let you go to market and to fair;
 On a good horse a hunting you may go,
 And when you money want then let me know;
 Tho' to all those and many feasts I went,
 I danc'd and sung but yet was not content.
 A younger brother had left off the plough,
 And he was learning navigation now,
 As he was better temper'd far than me,
 My mother said I ought to go to sea;
 One night in anger Henry let me know,
 It was on my account that he must go;
 When you was shepherd all things pleasant went,
 But now since you have got the management,
 My home it is no pleasure to me now,
 This is the cause I can't submit to you.
 I could not rest this thought still followed me,
 If he got drown'd I should unhappy be,
 I staid three days, at nights I could not sleep,
 So I was forc'd to go and plow the deep.
 That God above, he who does all things know,
 His eye beholds us still where'er we go.

I've been a shepherd since I plough'd the deep,
 Brought home from Lisbon many Spanish sheep;
 To mend the English wool we did them bring,
 Some for Sir Joseph Banks, some for the King.
 Well I remember still that parting day,
 When from my native home I went away,
 On Wandle Hill I view'd the distant deep,
 Look'd back and wept and stop'd again to weep;
 The port of Scarbro' is well known to me,
 That is the place where I first went to sea;
 Jacket and trowsers there I first put on,
 Then all that saw me laugh'd at country John;
 There to a friend I gave my country coat,
 Took up my bed and went into the boat,
 O! how I trembled when I left the shore,
 I never had been in a boat before,
 The waves so high and dreadful did appear,
 The sea broke in and put me in much fear,
 Looking to God I felt my courage rise,
 And to all danger then I shut mine eyes,
 There is a God at sea as well as land,
 And now I trust myself into his hand;
 He knows my motive and the way I take,
 My life I venture for my brother's sake,
 And by my going this did him prevent,
 He staid at home, to sea he never went;
 The boat was small, they bade me lay down,
 I heard them say that we should all be drown'd,
 I thought my troubles soon would all be done,
 But since I found that they were just begun,
 I could not swim, so I had little hope,
 At length we reach'd the ship, they threw a rope,
 Sick and half drown'd they haul'd me up the side,
 The ship she had beat out to sea that tide;

The Commerce, Masterman, the captain's name,
 The rest were all on board before I came;
 When first I heard them cry out *topsail haul*,
 I thought the masts upon my head would fall,
 Tho' sick and faint some pleasure I did find,
 When we began to sail before the wind;
 It fell less wind, more smooth along the shore,
 My fears were fled, my sickness soon was o'er;
 A pleasant breeze and a fine moonlight night,
 Then I began to whistle with delight,
 The mate he heard, and soon call'd out to me,
 You must not whistle when you are at sea,
 Remember now you are not tending sheep,
 We only whistle when the wind's asleep;
 Just like an hostler watering his horse,
 We whistle then to give the wind more force.
 The Portuguese just as much wisdom shew,
 When calm they cry, *blow St. Antonio blow*;
 Much superstition I have seen since then,
 And silly customs amongst different men.
 The men look'd out before the mate abaft,
 At eight o'clock he call'd *all hands come aft*,
 Then they divided as with quick dispatch,
 Call'd one *the larboard*, one *the starboard watch*;
 It prov'd my turn in the first watch below,
 I did go down, to sleep I could not go;
 Rock'd in my hammock as she rolling goes,
 Just before twelve I fell into a doze,
 Alarm'd when I had nearly fall'n asleep,
 I thought that I was sinking in the deep,
 Lord save, I cri'd, I am not fit to die,
 Just then I heard a dreadful midnight cry,
 They stamp'd on deck, which made all ring below,
 And one cried out aloud *starboard watch ho!*

Alarm'd and terrified it made me jump,
 This awful noise did sound like the last trump,
 My guilty conscience magnified the sound,
 I wak'd rejoicing that I was not drown'd;
 Since then how many dangers I've gone through,
 I well may wonder I am living now;
 Who call upon the lord and serve him too,
 May trust his word, *it shall be well with you.*
 When tending sheep and free from wars alarms,
 Where the pure country spreads unclouded charms,
 Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
 Which most should sweeten my untroubled life,
 Reluctant from each fond connection torn,
 What hardships on the ocean I have borne,
 Tho' oft severe, yet they quite light did prove,
 To what I suffer'd from th' effects of love,
 This tender passion soon an object finds,
 And close united by congenial minds,
 But ah! before the sacred knot was tied,
 Death came and snatch'd away my promis'd bride.
 When bound to sea, then home with her I went,
 In love and innocence the night we spent,
 I talk'd of my return, the joys how sweet,
 She wept and said we never more should meet,
 To stay with her I saw I was to blame,
 We could not part until the morning came,
 I call'd next day to bid a last adieu,
 And of her charms to take another view,
 Her looks shew'd kind affection, love sincere,
 I turn'd away to hide the falling tear,
 We social pleasures must no longer share,
 Doom'd to the sea, the ship must be my care;
 To plough the deep where waves do rage and foam,
 Far from my friends, my family and home,

Next news I heard from home when far remote,
 And by my brother Henry it was wrote,
 Informing me our family was well,
 But of her death he seem'd quite loath to tell,
 And when the following lines at first I saw,
 The pain I felt, oh! may you never know;
 I read—dear brother now prepare your mind,
 For reading that which still is left behind;
 When you left home we thought it was not right,
 We blam'd you much for stopping out at night,
 It seem'd unkind from us to run away,
 That the last night at home you could not stay,
 Miss Blanchard she more pleasing was to you,
 Her beauty captivating I allow,
 None had objections to her for your wife,
 Her health and strength were promising long life;
 All shew'd a prospect fair of worldly bliss,
 But ah, alas! how soon 'tis come to this,
 * This night a corpse, no more her voice is heard,
 To-morrow she must lie in the church yard;
 Where's now the joys her beauty could afford,
 Dear brother now prepare to meet thy God;
 Tho' for her death I have been often blam'd,
 When innocent why should we be asham'd,
 When I went home, tho' after many year,
 There o'er her grave I drop'd a silent tear;
 My gentle readers now forgive my grief,
 For while I write this verse, 'tis some relief;
 O how the Lord has hedg'd about my way,
 And often rob'd my passions of their prey,
 In love withheld my every fond delight,
 And kindly starv'd my grov'ling appetite;
 What appear'd dark, not rightly understood,
 Now I can see that all has work'd for good;

God's holy word, once trifling in my view,
 Now by the voice of my experience true;
 O may my tongue, my heart and life make known,
 The mercy that the Lord to me hath shewn;
 Left in distress when we were half seas o'er,
 Could I expect to see my native shore,
 The leaks pour'd in, the boats gone overboard,
 And nothing left to trust in but the Lord,
 We cried to him who then beheld our grief,
 And soon he sent a ship to our relief,
 When I consider what I have deserv'd,
 'Tis wonderful how I have been preserv'd;
 When I before Lord Kenyon trembling stood,
 Could I expect that it would work for good?
 I prov'd this true, tho' they are falsely blam'd,
 Who speak the truth need never be asham'd;
 Counsellor Erskine said to me *take care*
You in the presence of His Lordship are,
 I said I stand before the Lord I know,
 My cause is good I fear no lord below,
 Nor do I fear this day the truth to prove,
 Both in the sight of men and God above;
 I felt my weakness and my want of sence,
 But then the Lord appear'd in my defence,
 And blasted all the schemes of wicked men,
 But how ungrateful I have been since then;
 'Twas from this cause that I was captain made
 Of the *Jemima*, in the Lisbon trade;
 From Westmorland this trial did me call,
 From thrashing in a barn at Hornby Hall,
 I saw the hand of God that did me raise,
 But then I did not give to God the praise,
 A brother call'd upon me twice or thrice,
 Reprov'd me freely, gave me good advice,

Tho' captain now and worth a little pelf;
 I know you still but you forget yourself,
 At home plain Edward then we did you call,
 Don't be too proud, your pride may have a fall;
 I prov'd it true, his words were not in vain,
 He heard me call'd plain Edward once again;
 What tho' prosperity some pleasure brings,
 Yet how uncertain are all earthly things,
 This truth to me hath oft been clearly shewn,
 Once when I had a vessel of my own,
 Coming from Lisbon load'n with fruit and wine,
 Our passage short, the weather very fine,
 Passing the cape across the bay to steer,
 There we fell in with a French privateer,
 Old Captain Vining then with us had sail'd,
 And to keep company we had not fail'd,
 As they at day-light did with glasses look,
 Suppos'd that he was English by the smook,
 They past by us and streight for him they stood,
 For he was burning coals, but we burnt wood,
 Then they pull'd to a Swede, 'twas calm all day,
 At night it came a breeze, we got away,
 The packet took by which my letters went,
 Which sav'd insurance then eighteen per cent.
 This news amongst the merchants welcome founds,
 Jemima, Anderson's, safe in the Downs,
 When through the Narrows we had made our way,
 And beating up upon the Flats next day,
 To gain the Nore that tide we did our best,
 But it came on a gale at West North West,
 I thought none happier than myself that day,
 A blast of wind soon blew it all away,

The gale came on so quick, so hard did blow,
 We were oblig'd to let our anchor go,
 When no abatement of the gale we found,
 And at low water we should be aground,
 Night coming on, the danger there to shun,
 We cut our cable, through the Narrows run
 And anchor'd in the Gore, the buoy is white,
 But soon our cable parted in the night;
 Adrift, our anchor gone, what could we do?
 A cadge and hawser then we did let go,
 When we had drifted far, and near the shore,
 It caught a rock and brought us up once more,
 Altho' the sea was high, the ground not clear,
 Yet it held fast till daylight did appear;
 Just to the West of Margate then we were,
 A boat came off and took us safe in there,
 Tho' death appear'd that night on every side,
 A harbour safe the Lord did there provide;
 That God whose providence marks all our ways,
 And at a glance surveys our future days,
 The best concerted schemes that e'er were plan'd,
 Are vain if not supported by his hand.
 Tho' unto Lisbon I had often run,
 Without a convey since the war begun,
 When with a fleet amongst them I did steer,
 Then I was taken by a privateer,
 Which in disguise surpriz'd us in the night,
 And before day light run us out of sight,
 And other three into their hands did fall,
 Our convoy was the Argo, Captain Hall.
 Who in the month of March in ninety seven,
 Lost off Cape Finistire ten or elev'n,
 When tak'n again, tho much against my will,
 Then I was forc'd to sign a ransom bill

To save myself and crew from being drown'd,
 Incur'd a pen'ity of five hundred pounds.
 They had agreed our ship should be restor'd,
 And had put all their prisoners on board,
 Then it fell calm while they did us detain,
 And they came back to plunder us again,
 The wine and diewood which were stow'd below,
 Were taking out, then mean't to let us go,
 Left without boat or ballast we must be,
 Except unto their terms I would agree,
 And this had put our people in such fear,
 That two had enter'd in the privateer ;
 I saw the crime, but looking at the cause,
 My feelings stronger were than human laws ;
 When I consulted with Sir William Scott,
 He could find no relief, pity'd my lot,
 My case was hard but law is so exact,
 He could find no exception in the act,
 These troubles oft are sent to make us wise,
 Afflictions oft are blessings in disguise,
 And pain we see in pity oft is sent,
 Oft we're chastis'd to bring us to repent ;
 Forsaking and forsaken by all friends,
 Then I perceiv'd where earthly pleasure ends ;
 Tir'd of the world I went from place to place,
 Sin, death, and hell oft star'd me in the face,
 I wanted to live little and unknown,
 I thought I safest was when most alone,
 I lov'd retirement more than worldly pelf,
 What good I felt I kept it to myself,
 Unwash'd with blood that did for sin atone,
 I lov'd my God but not my God alone,

As in a Dublin-trader then I fail'd
 Tho' I shun'd sin, temptation oft prevail'd,
 God saw me there, when in my sins I lay,
 Oft bow'd before him, but I durst not pray.
 I'd left my family for seven years,
 Till one of them in Liverpool appears,
 It seem'd that nothing to my heart could reach,
 Till there I heard my brother Henry preach;
 I did not know 'twas him when he begun,
 He said the father had another son,
 This son he had in a far country been,
 And many scenes of hardship he had seen,
 But now he did his sins and folly mourn,
 And said he to his father would return;
 Although he did not know to me he spoke,
 It was applied, my heart was almost broke;
 He preach'd one Sunday at Mount Pleasant Hill,
 I went to hear, but did not know him still,
 At length I heard that it must be the same,
 He came from Kilham, Henry was his name,
 To own him then my pride did me prevent,
 Conscience accus'd me but to sea I went,
 I told this to a friend I went to see,
 And she was more affected far than me,
 Thoughts of a brother made her burst in tears,
 Of whom she had not heard for many years.
 When I in her such tenderness did see,
 'Twas then I thought how hard my heart must be;
 I have a mother and a sister too,
 She said I feel for them, you must write now,
 By her persuaded I could not refrain,
 Their friendly answers brought me home again.
 They all rejoic'd the prodigal to see,
 Long lost, but the good shepherd follow me;

Of sinners then I saw myself the chief,
 Yet still my mind was fill'd with unbelief,
 But when the sound of pardon pierc'd my ear,
 I drop'd at once my fetters and my fear,
 We see how trifling are these earthly toys,
 When we have tasted of these heavenly joys:
 For what are all the joys this world can give,
 When fit to die we're only fit to live,
 Now I the works of God can better scan,
 And better taste the good design'd for man.
 May all who see his wonders on the deep,
 His mercy still in their remembrance keep,
 And when on shore tell of his wondrous ways,
 And let your joyful songs be songs of praise,
 And you who oft did blast your eyes and limbs,
 Now worship God in singing psalms and hymns,
 The judgments which you did on others call,
 Pray that on your own heads they may not fall,
 That you may not be an example made,
 Like poor Jack Dimond in the Irish trade,
 At Mrs. Coogan's, New Bird Street he died,
 There of the truth you may be satisfied,
 Then many of the neighbours heard his cries,
 And heard him blast his precious limbs and eyes,
 His legs and arms turn'd black and mortified,
 And he was blind a week before he died,
 His eyes were swell'd so shocking to behold,
 The sight it terrified both young and old,
 All heard his cries that by the house did pass,
 His groans were like the braying of an ass,
 This awful judgment happened, many know,
 In Liverpool but eighteen months ago;

'Tis strange that man so much indulg'd by Heaven,
 To swearing should habitually be given,
 He who presents you on the watry main,
 Dare you still take his sacred name in vain,
 Can blasphemy which must your souls o'erwhelm,
 Assist to work the ship or guide the helm,
 While deeds unmatched your dauntless courage tell,
 Forbear to use this dialect of hell,
 Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
 To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,
 You would not swear when on a bed of death,
 Reflect your maker now could stop your breath,
 In foreign parts when far abroad we roam,
 Then we rejoice when ready to come home,
 When homeward bound we cross the raging seas,
 With a fair wind, a fine and pleasant breeze,
 Below the horizon as on we steer,
 We see the less'ning mountains disappear,
 The gale increases, foaming billows rise,
 The scud flies swift across the low'ring skies,
 Tho' we stand trembling then at every blast,
 High seas arise, yet glad to move so fast,
 For as the gale increases more and more,
 It wafts us quicker to our native shore,
 This cheers us in the dark and stormy night,
 When neither moon nor stars to give us light,
 Then in our minds pleasing reflections rise,
 And thoughts of friends their absence oft supplies;
 A sailor thinks on home when blowing hard,
 When reefing topails out upon the yard,
 His hands benumb'd, his feet both wet and cold,
 The ship she rolls he scarce can keep his hold,
 He thinks on her he loves 'bove worldly pelf,
 And feels for her far more than for himself,

His loving wife what kindness she hath shewn,
 He feels her woes but smiles upon his own,
 When the ship leaky or near a lee shore,
 He works the pump, exerts himself the more,
 Ready to sink this stirs him up to swim,
 When he reflects what she must feel for him;
 Ye sailors wives be a' ways kind and true,
 Think on the hardships they sustain for you,
 Through winds and storms, extremes of cold and heat,
 Nor grudge the toil your welcome smiles to meet,
 You who have sweethearts think upon your Jack,
 And pray to God that they may safe come back,
 Disdain them not when they are poor and low,
 This is a fact which many people know,
 Oft in a common sailor's heart and mind,
 Dwells social virtues of no common kind,
 Sometimes by friends or fortune cast afloat,
 They are content when scarcely worth a groat,
 Yet scorn by mean servility to please,
 Or rise by steps so scandalous as these,
 Low in the world yet they despise its arts,
 Tho' poor you'll find they still have honest hearts;
 When all despise you, only quit your sin,
 And come to Jesus, he will take you in.
 When from the yard I saw a shipmate fall,
 Then I look'd up and on the Lord did call,
 Thou know'st how oft I have forgotten thee,
 But heav'nly Father now remember me;
 I thank the Lord, my cries were not in vain,
 Once more I see my native land again,
 My friends they hear our ship is come in sight,
 The signal's hoist, they view it with delight,
 Rejoice that soon we shall each other see,
 For they have oft been looking out for me,

What gratitude I feel to Heav'n above,
 Once more I shall embrace the friend I love,
 My pulse beat high, the town it comes in view,
 I feel a pleasure landmen never knew.

Help me to paint, let genius guide the tool,
 While I a picture draw of Liverpool,
 Perspective muse attend my willing hands,
 To shew the beauties that this view commands,
 Here rise the noble buildings great and small,
 The 'Change and Churches overlook them all,
 The smook in columns rises in the wind,
 Darkens the air and leaves a veil behind;
 Rising from forges and from factories new,
 The windmills on the hills next strike your view,
 As tho' they made the people's wants their own,
 Keep turning round their wings to grind them corn,
 When on the shipping here we cast our eyes,
 We see 'midst buildings, woods of masts arise,
 Likewise the ships that in the river lie,
 And boats across it as they constant ply,
 When on the ocean we begin to look,
 The river then looks like a little brook;
 We see the shipping coming in from far,
 And others going out prepar'd for war;
 As on the sea my eyes are fixed still,
 A flag is hoist on top of Bidstone Hill,
 A signal for a ship that's homeward bound,
 She proves a prize worth twenty thousand pound;
 The bells they ring, the ship she comes in sight,
 And crowds of people view her with delight:
 All you who of this prize money partake,
 O see that a good use of it you make,
 Nor idly squander round the tavern's fires,
 The money your own family requires;

At home you may have a domestic feast,
 But don't get drunk and make yourself a beast,
 When just come home and free from care and strife,
 I see a sailor and his loving wife,
 To see a child sit smiling on her knee,
 This always is a feast indeed to me:
 Go not 'mongst harlots, shun the fatal snare,
 Flee from those fews infectious, come not there,
 Nor wound your bodies nor your souls debase,
 Nor risk damnation for a snatch'd embrace;
 Low and indelicate must be their taste,
 Who in brothels their time and money waste,
 Dead to these nobler passions, whence proceed
 The lib'ral sentiment and gen'rous deed;
 For women higher let your love aspire,
 Beyond the bounds of brutal base desire,
 And learn to scorn such mean delights of sense,
 And mount to intellectual excellence:
 Friendship and love are pleasures more refin'd,
 To those who taste the banquet of the mind;
 Good women's company I always lov'd,
 Pleasing instructors they have often prov'd,
 And all the good that in their hearts did lie,
 I tri'd to find to fashion my own by,
 I have improv'd amongst them I am sure,
 Although my motives were not always pure,
 But when my mind was properly impress'd,
 Beauty more charming was with virtue dress'd;
 Tho' amongst women I have spent much time,
 A broken vow was never yet my crime,
 That man who breaks his vows and proves unkind,
 He never can enjoy true peace of mind,
 That man who tries to gain the female heart,
 Then fails and plays the worthless trifler's part,

Does first their kindness and affection prove,
 And then despises all he ought to love,
 Boasting their weakness then his strength to shew,
 In mercy spare the base unmanly blow,
 Who robs a woman of her peace of mind,
 Should be despised by all woman-kind,
 No matter how respectable they be,
 All such have always been despis'd by me;
 O that each heart that female charms allure,
 Were honest, gen'rous, undisguis'd, and pure:
 Ye sailors don't deceive the innocent,
 Nor talk of love without a pure intent,
 But shun these gilts who bear as fair a name,
 Yet try all arts your passions to inflame,
 Forbear to toy or glance, or wishful gaze,
 Beneath the lawn that on the bosom plays;
 Fine dress and wanton gestures they display,
 For which they make some foolish sailors pay;
 Your money is their object all the while,
 Until its spent deceive you with a smile:
 But then despise the men by whom they live,
 Avoid them then, 'tis nobler far to give,
 Let others take their girls and flowing bowls,
 But let them see that you have nobler souls;
 Let gratitude to God by works display,
 The obligations under which you lay,
 And let the poor and wretched share a part,
 Shew that a seaman has a gen'rous heart:
 Consider those who are oblig'd to beg,
 Instead of gold, have got a wooden leg,
 Condemn'd to suffer scorn, neglect, disgrace,
 Remember that it might have been your case;
 They too for fortune's favours once did look,
 But she has jilted them and quite forsook,

The only favour she bestow'd was this,
 Marry'd them to her eldest daughter Miss,
 To riches happiness is not confin'd,
 For they can never ease a troubl'd mind,
 When the world smiles on us the most of all;
 We are in danger of the greatest fall,
 The poor it seems are in the safest place,
 But rich and poor may all be rich in grace,
 The gospel's freely preached to the poor,
 And bleeding love has open'd mercy's door;
 All who repent, believe, depart from sin,
 The poor in spirit only can go in.
 We see a Guinea ship come round the rock,
 The people run to see her come in dock,
 Her anchor gone, she swings at the pier head,
 Some person hails and asks how many's dead?
 On looking round for faces that he knew,
 The ship-keeper oft finds, but very few,
 Of what went out, 'tis awful to reflect,
 If half come home, 'tis well as they expect:
 O what a fatal thing this Guinea trade,
 How many die, how few are sailors made;
 What pity men should brave the stormy waves,
 To buy and make their fellow creatures slaves;
 Can christian's join in such a trade as this?
 'Tis not the way to gain eternal bliss;
 Dead to humanity they must be made,
 Who are employ'd in this inhuman trade;
 The cruelties which they commit on board,
 Will come to light when all shall be restor'd,
 Of these poor negroes they again may hear,
 When at the day of judgment all appear;
 What wish can prosper, or what pray'r can bless
 That man who lives on other men's distress.

No matter how polite or how refin'd,
 He's no true sensibility of mind;
 Who deals in slaves they must have hearts like steel,
 All tender hearts for suffering negroes feel,
 O may I always while I hold my pen,
 Feel for poor negroes as my fellow-men.
 What antient charter can a white man shew,
 To bind a black man down in chains of woe?
 I've seen their sufferings and should I be dumb,
 I might be punish'd in a world to come.
 O that our parliament would pass a law,
 And give to the slave trade its deadly blow;
 The dazzling prospect of enormous gains,
 'Tis this th' inhuman commerce still maintains;
 For worldly riches men their souls have sold,
 Barter'd eternal life for cursed gold.
 Yes they may love their pleasures and their pelf,
 But can they love their neighbours as their self?
 Too hard for them, therefore they never try
 Too do to all as they would be done by.
 When I upon Mount Pleasant Hill do go,
 And calmly view the busy town below;
 Most men are busy how to get or spend,
 Few of them think upon their latter end;
 The merchant he no leisure time can find,
 This his excuse, he must his business mind,
 His mind is fixt upon the things below,
 As he does to the 'Change and News Rooms go:
 And on a Sunday if the day is fine,
 Then he must in the country go to dine.
 What crowds pour out on Sundays from this town,
 In pleasure's lap their weekly cares to drown.
 The tradesman also, he himself can clear,
 He can't get time, for he's a volunteer:

On Sundays he must learn his exercise,
 He can't get time to seek the heav'nly prize;
 But when death calls, then will this answer do?
 I can't get time, I'm busy here below.
 The worldly minded study to get rich,
 And love of pleasure many does bewitch;
 Amongst the rest at this vast busy place,
 A few are found who run the heav'nly race,
 Some happy souls are in this town, who prove
 How much their gracious saviour doth them love,
 His pard'ning love can change the sinners heart,
 And make him from his darling sins depart,
 Some who were slaves to sin, but now behold,
 They grow in grace as they in years grow old.
 The man who once sang madly, danc'd and laugh't,
 And drunk in dizzy madness with his draught,
 Has wept a silent flood, revers'd his ways,
 Is sober, chaste, benevolent and prays;
 Ah what a change! the sinner now repents,
 And of his sins sincerely he repents,
 He's born again, and all who once him knew,
 Astonish'd stand when now they do him view:
 He knows that Jesus bought him with his blood,
 And bold he stands confess't a child of God,
 Such striking wonders of redeeming grace,
 Have many times been witness'd in this place,
 O that I could with every breath proclaim
 The healing virtues of my saviour's name;
 Although proud sinners mock at what I say,
 Yet will I still the love of God display,
 Pure are the joys religion can impart,
 To calm the passions and exalt the heart,
 The world's contempt but makes its value rise,
 In my esteem, who all things else despise, (C)

THE OCTOBER GALE, 1789,

When One Hundred Sail of Shipping were cast away near
Yarmouth Roads, and more than One Thousand
Men were drowned.

YE landsmen listen to the tale I tell,
And sailors you can understand it well.
However unskil'd in verse, my muse may prove,
The motive of my song is christian love;
Design'd, if possible t' impress a sense,
A reverential awe of Providence.
Let those who can more justly win the bays,
I'll seek my brother's good and maker's praise;
In sin and folly I much time have spent,
'These twenty years, since first to sea I went;
I seldom could get time to read or pray,
Without remorse could break the sabbath day,
And while my mind was thus on pleasure bent,
Tho' not profan'd, yet it was idly spent;
Sometimes I in the paths of virtue trod,
But found I loved pleasure more than God;
Plays and romances did my senses please,
And then I thought there was no harm in these;
I purpos'd when in pleasure's full pursuit,
Never to taste of the forbidden fruit.
Sailors beware of this enchanted ground,
'Twas there my deep depravity I found;
The foe within found out my weaker part.
Reason gave way and pleasure won my heart;
Most other worldly pleasures I had prov'd,
Against them stood superior and unmov'd;
'Mongst women nature fail'd and shew'd my heart,
Against their charms this was my weakest part;

Shall I dissemble, no these lines sincere,
 Paint but too glaring and explain too clear ;
 My goodness shewn and my excesses kept
 As secret as the chambers where I slept ;
 In vain amusements, feasting, dress and play,
 Like many more I past my time away ;
 Of worldly happiness did idly dream,
 Floating along, was driv'n with the stream,
 Till God o'er me his chast'ning rod did shake,
 Then I began out of my sleep to 'wake,
 His goodness would not let the captive go,
 His love forbid my happiness below ;
 When I reflect how far from God I ran,
 This shews that Jesus died for ev'ry man,
 The worst of sinners, this was once my case,
 O what a heart till it was chang'd by grace ;
 My humble muse glows with a sacred flame,
 While I exalt my great redeemers name,
 He always heard when I did humbly bow,
 And when I cri'd, save or I perish now,
 My pray'r was heard, I saw the hand divine,
 In the October gale in eighty nine,
 More than a thousand men were lost that day,
 When in the Friendship I was cast away,
 A passenger from London I came down,
 In Yarmouth Roads we lay, to Hull were bound ;
 Of this large fleet, three hundred ships or more,
 One hundred sail were lost or drove on shore ;
 The night was moonlight, weather very fine,
 Our women passengers were eight or nine,
 They sung us songs in which we took delight,
 Some play'd at cards till twelve o'clock at night ;

And when I went to bed, long musing lay,
 Thinking how to divert them the next day;
 Hearing a noise before the storm came on,
 I wak'd and all my pleasing dreams were gone;
 In vain I try, for language it must fail,
 To give account of this tremendous gale:
 At night 'twas calm, quite smooth and still the main,
 The morning ushers in an hurricane,
 At four o'clock this dreadful storm did rise,
 An awful darkness veils the lofty skies;
 The wind we hear it whist'ling in the blocks,
 And the high surges beat against the rocks,
 The waves are foaming, loud the billows roar,
 And dash tremendous on the trembling shore;
 All hands are call'd, quick on the deck they run,
 We scarce could muster, ere the gale begun,
 Now all employ'd, each to his station go,
 Most up aloft but some must stay below;
 The captain drunk, he swore and raged hard,
 Cri'd bear a hand upon the top-sail yard,
 Tho' he then weather'd out the furious blast,
 Intoxication prov'd his end at last,
 And after he escaped from shipwreck,
 He fell from off a coach and broke his neck.
 To hand maintop-sail then we made a shift,
 When we came down the ship was gone adrift,
 When veering out, too rash the captain spoke,
 To bring her up, and then the cable broke,
 Although we let another anchor go,
 We drove thwart hawse; another ship we saw,
 Which struck our quarter, stove in all abaft,
 Likewise companion, broke main boom and gaff,
 How to get clear it all our art defies,
 We hear the women's dreadful shrieks and cries;

We hail'd the other ship, they could not hear,
 Their captain try'd to get his vessel clear,
 He veer'd out cable, this was death to him,
 It tore him round the windlas limb from limb,
 He, to prevent its riding, came too near,
 It caught his coat and he could not get clear;
 O what confusion, terror and dismay,
 Her bowsprit broke and then we got away,
 Our anchor held and we brought up again,
 But 'twas not long that here we could remain.
 I went below the passengers to cheer,
 And just had told them that they need not fear,
 I heard them cry on deck, now save us Lord,
 Another ship is coming freight on board;
 I started up, two woman held me fast,
 By using force I got away at last,
 Their frantic looks shew'd terror and dismay,
 But looking round I saw two children play,
 The oldest as he roll'd from side to side,
 Cry'd mother look how finely here I ride,
 They seem'd to wonder what we had to fear,
 The youngest cry'd aloud, mamma look here,
 By tender looks distinguish'd from the rest,
 She clasp'd the smiling infant to her breast,
 And as the mother gave her child a kiss,
 The baby lisp'd, mamma, what noise is this?
 I thought I should not fear the raging seas,
 If I was but as innocent as these;
 I heard a woman calling out to me,
 I turn'd and saw the bible on her knee,
 Her looks then shew'd that she was quite resign'd,
 But other souls she bore upon her mind,

Warn them on deck, she said, to be prepar'd,
 And pray to God that we may all be spar'd;
 Death and destruction then before our eyes,
 But more we dread the death that never dies,
 Then all stood waiting our impending fate,
 We cut the cable, but it was too late,
 And with such force she came on board us now,
 Ship and all hands they sunk beneath our bow;
 Whilst I ran forward quick to get her wore,
 Abaft they had agreed to run on shore;
 Afraid of that because I could not swim,
 The captain drunk, in vain they call'd on him;
 I took the helm and kept her off the shore,
 For there I thought the danger it was more;
 We all were trembling then on ruin's brink,
 They all supposed now she soon must sink;
 Some went to pray'r and on their knees did fall,
 And some cry'd out that I should drown them all,
 One hove the lead, the mate look'd out before,
 We kept her in three fathoms near the shore:
 Seas breaking o'er us, dark we could not see,
 Of other ships we ran on board of three;
 It seem'd a miracle that we got clear,
 We kept afloat till day light did appear:
 I cri'd, while thousands view'd us from the shore,
 Was I safe there I'd go to sea no more;
 I promis'd then if God would spare my life,
 I would quit sin and lead a better life,
 If sav'd that I would give to God the praise,
 And serve him truly all my lengthen'd days;
 But how ungrateful I have been since then,
 In that respect I've been the worst of men;
 As o'er the Stamford we our course did steer,
 O what a scene before us did appear,

So many wrecks that clear we could not keep,
 All round us, sailors sinking in the deep;
 The hurricane continues still to last,
 And threatens fell destruction every blast.
 Distressing signals nothing now avail,
 The waring elements more loud prevail.
 We saw on the Homeheads a vessel lie,
 The crew wash'd from the rigging, sink and die,
 On Lowestoffe Point beheld a sloop on shore,
 Fell off and fill'd we saw the crew no more,
 Another wreck we saw in the South Road,
 They cri'd for help but none could get on board,
 None could assist them as no boat could live,
 Heav'n only then effectual aid could give.
 Friends weep for him who on a death-bed lies,
 They cannot save his life, he faints and dies,
 Just so with them, they view them from the shore,
 And their hard fate they pity and deplore.
 Now right a head we saw another wreck,
 Five men were floating on a quarter deck,
 We pass'd them close, they seem'd benumb'd with
 cold,
 We threw a rope but they could not lay hold.
 Driving before the wind, the sea and tide,
 Thus tofs'd about, sometimes the seas did hide;
 Their station dreadful, thund'ring billows roar,
 And what a distance from the long'd for shore;
 No refuge but in God, unless he please,
 They must be lost amidst the raging seas.
 When through this dangerous place we did get out,
 To stop the leaks began to look about,
 No gaff or boom or anchor then we had,
 And still we thought our case indeed was bad.

Before the wind we sail'd along the shore,
 The leaks began to gain upon us more,
 The ship a wreck, no harbour could we reach,
 So all agreed to run her on the beach ;
 As near to Harwich then we did advance,
 Under Red Cliff we thought it the best chance,
 We haul'd her in, close up to the Piesand,
 The sea more smooth beneath this point of land ;
 The tide it then was quarter ebb or more,
 To save our lives we ran the ship on shore,
 On the ebb-tide she heavy seas did stand,
 But at low water we got safe on land :
 The women almost dead upon the main,
 On shore they all but one reviv'd again.
 Can I forget unto my latest breath,
 How I that time escap'd from hell and death,
 When hundreds round me met a watry grave,
 O what a grateful heart I ought to have !
 On looking on the corpse that wash'd on shore,
 I promis'd to offend my God no more,
 Then I resolv'd a christian I would be,
 But did not flee from worldly company,
 While I mix'd with the pleasure taking crowds,
 My goodness it was like the morning clouds,
 When danger distant and when pleasure near,
 I was content to have my portion here,
 While we love sin amongst its servants wait,
 There always suited with a proper bait ;
 I both the fear of death and hell had try'd,
 My evil heart the fear of both defy'd,
 All calls refus'd, my heart was so deprav'd,
 Could I without a miracle be sav'd ?
 The blood of christ a strong dissolvent is,
 'Tis this the heart can melt and only this.

His word is love and his kind look divine,
 Can break the hardest heart, for it broke mine ;
 Preserv'd from dangers on the land and main,
 I live to see my native home again.
 My friends had long suppos'd me dead or drown'd,
 But now the dead's alive, the lost is found ;
 Now vain amusements have no charms for me,
 Since I found Christ he's all in all to me.
 When on the seas I'm toss'd about and hurl'd,
 My inward peace is more than all the world,
 Now neither storms nor dangers can me move,
 I praise my God and sing redeeming love,
 I know that God can to the utmost save,
 Which makes me fearless of a watry grave,
 I know that if I sink into the flood,
 That I shall rise into the life of God ;
 And this I've learn'd since last from home I went,
 In every station now to be content,
 I can submit to the Almighty will,
 Nor do I think that poverty's an ill ;
 Since God in wisdom has been pleas'd to shed
 The humble means to furnish me with bread,
 The rising sigh shall swell my heart no more,
 But only heave to worship and adore ;
 May seamen learn from shipwreck, winds and storms,
 To fear that God who all his will performs,
 For all his works and ways are just and good,
 Tho' they seem hard, not rightly understood,
 It may be needful to maintain his cause,
 'Gainst harden'd rebels who despise his laws.
 By awful judgments, when such numbers die,
 It is that others may be warn'd thereby,
 And sometimes vengeance on mens heads is hurl'd,
 To awe a thoughtless, bold, offending world ;

Dangers are sent to make the thoughtless think,
 That in perdition's lake they may not sink,
 Dangers alarm the careless, and secure
 To make their calling and election sure,
 For harden'd sinners if they never turn,
 Must in the wrath of God for ever burn,
 If they quit sin and on a Saviour call,
 Jesus is ready to receive them all,
 He will conduct them to the happy shore,
 Will keep them safe and that for ever more;
 When they enjoy that calm of sins forgiv'n,
 Which opens in their souls an inward heav'n,
 If they meet sudden death in storms like this,
 It wasts them quicker to eternal bliss,
 If sav'd from shipwreck they get safe on shore,
 They bless their Saviour and their God adore.



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HYMN.

WHILE safe at home you landmen keep,
 Remember those who plow the deep,
 And leave their friends and ease ;
 We social pleasures must not share,
 Watching at night, the ships our care
 To guide across the seas.

My Saviour is my pilot wife,
 Through him my soul each storm defies,
 This comfort does afford ;
 I talk with him, the sinner's friend,
 'Midst raging seas and stormy wind ;
 My compass is his word.

When in distress, by faith I see
 My Saviour walking on the sea,
 Behold him passing by ;
 To silence all my grief and fear,
 He mildly says, " Be of good cheer,
 " Be not afraid to die.

" For I have bought thee with my blood,
 " 'Tis I who brought thee back to God ;
 " I am the sinner's friend :
 " 'Tis I can calm the raging wave,
 " I who almighty am to save,
 " And loves thee to the end."

I go to sea at his command,
 And tell, when I come on the land,

The wonders of his love
 Safe in the cov'nant ark I fail,
 I know his promise shall not fail,
 But land me safe above.

W
 E. A.



Printed by W. Borrowdale, Workington.

